

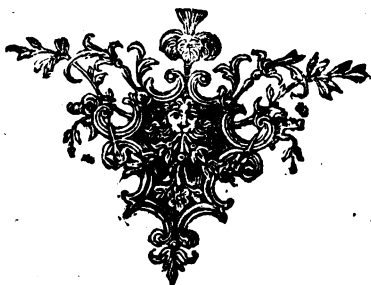
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THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE
PARAPHRASED.

By Mr. POPE.



L O N D O N:
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S A T I R A II^{da}.

QUÆ virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
² (Nec meus hic Sermo, sed quem præcepit
Ofellus

Rusticus, ⁴ abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva)

Discite, non inter lanceis, mensasque nitenteis,

Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, & cum

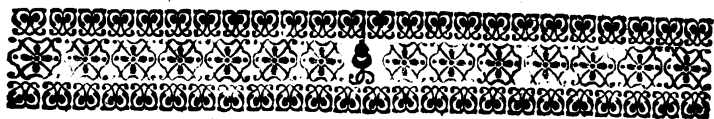
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat;

³ Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?

Dicam si potero — —



— : Le-



S A T I R E II.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the
Art

To live on little with a chearful heart,

² (A Doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk, my friends, but talk ³ before we dine :

⁴ Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride

Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;

Not when from Plate to Plate your eyeballs roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,

⁴ But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

— — ³ *Leporem sectatus, equove Lassus* —

*Cum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem. — ² Foris est Promus, & atrum
Defendens pisces hyemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet: unde? putas, aut
Quo partum? Non in caro nidore Voluptas
Summa, sed in teipso est ****

¹⁰ *Vix tamen cripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
Hec potius quam gallina, tergere palatum —
Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam: num vesceris ista
Quam laudas, pluma? — ¹¹ Laudas insane, trilibrem
Mullum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
Ducit te species video. Quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.*

¹² *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
Vellem (ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus) at vos
Præsentès Austri! coquite horum opsonia: Quamvis*

Putet

' Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)

'Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

' Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,

Or kept from fish, (the River yet un-thaw'd)

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15

The pleasure lies in *you*, not in the meat.

' Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men

Will chuse a *Pheasant* still before a *Hen* ;

Yet Hens of *Guinea* full as good I hold,

Except you eat the feathers, green and gold. 20

' Of *Carp*s and *Mullet*s why prefer the *great*,

(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)

Yet for *small Turbots* such esteem profess ?

Because God made these large, the other less.

' *Oldfield*, with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25

Cries, " Send me, Gods ! a whole Hog *barbecu'd* ! "

Oh blast it, ' South-winds ! till a stench exhale,

Rank as the ripeness of a Rabbit's tail.

By what *Criterion* do ye eat, d'ye think,

If this is priz'd for *sweetness*, that for *stink* ? 30

When

Putet *aper*, *rhombusque* recens, *mala copia quando*

Agrum follicitat *stomachum*, cum *rapula* *plenus*

Atque acidas mavult inulas. ¹⁵ *Necdum omnis abacta*

Pauperies epulis regum : nam vilibus ovis

Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. —

¹⁶ *Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,*

Donec vos auctor docuit Pretorius. ¹⁷ *Ergo*

Siquis nunc mergos suaves edixerit allos,

Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus.

¹⁸ *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello*

Judice : nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,

Si te alio pravum detorseris. ¹⁹ *Avidienus*

²⁰ *(Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret)*

Quin-

When the tir'd Glutton labours thro' a Treat,
 The sweetest thing will stink that he can eat ;
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :

' ' Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see, 35
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity !

' ' The *Robin-red-breast* till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a *Martin's* nest,
 Till *Becca-ficos* fold so dey'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been a Peer. 40

' ' Let me extoll a *Cat* on Oysters fed,
 I'll have a Party at the *Bedford Head*,
 Or ev'n to crack live *Crawfish* recommend,
 I'd never doubt at Court to make a Friend.

' ' 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one Vice, and fall into the other :
 Between Excess and Famine lies a mean,
 Plain, but not fordid, tho' not splendid, clean.

' ' *Avidien* or his Wife (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a ' ' dog, and her a bitch) 50

Sell

Quinquennes oleas est, & sylvestria corna.

²¹ *Ac nisi mutatum parcit defundere vinum, &*

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit

Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum

²² *Festus albatu celebrat) cornu ipse bilibri*

Caulibus instillat; ²³ veteris non parcus aceti.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, & horum

Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.

²⁴ *Mundus erit qui non offendant sordibus, atque*

In neutram partem cultus miser. ²⁵ Hic neque servis

Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Sævus erit: nec sic ut simplex ²⁶ Nævius, unctam

Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

²⁷ *Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum*

Afferat. ²⁸ In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res

Ut

Sell their presented Partridges, and Fruits,

And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :

²¹ One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,

And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some ²² lucky day (as when they found 55

A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

At such a feast ²³ old vinegar to spare,

Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear ;

Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,

But sowle the Cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

²⁴ He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,

And neither leans on this side, or on that :

Nor ²⁵ stops, for one bad Cork, his Butler's pay,

Swears, like Albutius, a good Cook away ;

Nor lets, like ²⁶ Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65

The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

²⁷ Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring :

(Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing.)

First Health : ²⁸ The stomach (cran'd from ev'ry dish,

A Tomb of boil'd, and roast, and flesh, and fish, 70

B

When

Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius escæ

Quæ simplex ²² olim tibi soderat; at simul affis

Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliæ turdis,

Dulcia se in bilem vertunt, stomachoque tumultum

Lenta feret pituita. ³⁰ Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Cæna defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum

Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

³¹ Alter ubi dicto citius curata sopori

Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.

³² Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam:

Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique

Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas

Imbecilla volet. ³³ Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam

Quam puer & validus præsumis mollitiem? seu

Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

Ran-

When Bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the Man is one intestine war)

Remembers oft ²² the School-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air !

²⁰ How pale, each Worshipful and rev'rend Guest
Rise from a Clergy, or a City, feast !

71

What life in all that ample Body, say
What heav'nly Particle inspires the clay ?

The Soul subsides ; and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.

80

³¹ On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind ?

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues ?

How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse ?

³² Not but we may exceed, some Holy time,
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme.

85

Ill Health some just indulgence may engage,
And more, the Sickness of long Life, Old-age :

³³ For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the Vessel drains ?

90

³⁴ Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant, non quia nasus

Illis nullus erat, sed (credo) hac mente, quod hospes

Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam

Integrum edax dominus consumeret. ³⁵ Hos utinam inter

Heroes natum tellus me prima tulisset !

³⁶ Das aliquid Famæ ? (quæ carmine gratior aurem

Occupat humanam.) Grandes rhombi, patinaeque

Grande ferent una ³⁷ cum damno, dedecus. Adde

³⁸ Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,

Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

³⁹ As, laquei pretium. — —

34 Our Fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
 Perhaps, young men! our Fathers had no nose?
 Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
 Better to keep it till their friends could come, 93
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

35 Why had not I in those good times my birth,
 E're Coxcomb-pyes or Coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy He, the voice of Fame to hear,
 (36 That sweetest Music to an honest ear; 100

For 'faith Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a Song)
 Who has not learn'd, 37 fresh Sturgeon or Ham-pye
 Are no rewards for Want, and Infamy!

When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
 Curs'd by thy 38 neighbours, thy Trustees, thy self,
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how Posterity will treat thy name;
 And 39 buy a Rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

40 " Right,

40 — *Fure, inquis, Thraſius iſtis*

Furgatur, verbis; ego veſtigalia magna

Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. 41 Ergo

Quod ſuperat, non eſt melius quo inſumere poſſis?

Cur eget indignus quiſquam te divite? quare

42 *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum? cur improbe! caræ*

Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?

Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?

43 *O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uter-ne*

44 *Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui*

Pluribus aſſuerit mentem corpusque ſuperbum?

An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

45 *Quæ.*

40 " Right, cries his Lordship, for a Rogue in need

" To have a Taste, is Insolence indeed :

" In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,

" My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."

Then, like the Sun, let 41 Bounty spread her ray, 115

And shine that Superfluity away.

Oh Impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?

Shall half the 42 new-built Churches round thee fall ?

Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall : 120

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,

As M * * o's was, but not at five *per Cent*.

43 Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful Jest for all mankind !

And 44 who stands safest ? tell me, is it he 125

That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,

Or whose wife forecast and preventing care,

In Peace provides fit arms against a War ?

45 Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought : 130

His

⁴⁵ Quo magis hoc credas, puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc accifis. ⁴⁶ Videas, metato in agello, *

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam præter ⁴⁷ olus, fumosæ cum pede perna.

At mihi cum ⁴⁸ longum post tempus veneris hospes,

Sive operum vacuo, &c. — bene erit, non ⁴⁹ piscibus

urbe petitis,

Sed pullo atque hædo; tum ⁵⁰ pensilis uva secundas

Et nux ornabit mensas, cum duplici ficu.

Posthac ludus erit ⁵¹ Cuppa petare Magistra,

Ac venerata Ceres, ut culmo surgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.

Sæviat

His equal mind I copy what I can,
 And as I love, would imitate the Man.
 In *South-sea* days not happier, when furnished
 The Lord of thousands, than ev'n now *Excis'd*;
 In Forests planted by a Father's hand, 143
 Than in five acres now of rented land.
 Content with little, I can piddle here
 On ⁴⁷ Broccoli and mutton, round the year ;
 But ⁴⁸ ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play)
 That touch my Bell, I cannot turn away. 145
 'Tis true, no ⁴⁹ Turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.
 To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
⁵⁰ From yon old wallnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 150
 And grapes, long-lingring on my only wall,
 And figs, from standard and Espalier join :
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine.
 Then ⁵¹ chearful healths (your Mistrefs shall have place)
 And what's more rare, the Poet shall say *Grace*.

Sæviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuit? quanto aut ego parcus, aut vos,

O pueri nituistis, ut buc¹² novus Incola venit?

¹¹ Nam propriæ telluris hcrum natura neque illum

Nec me, aut quemquam statuit; nos expulit ille,

Illum aut¹⁴ Nequities, aut¹⁵ vafri inscitia juris,

Postremo expellit certe¹⁶ vivacior hæres,

¹⁷ Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli

Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedit in usum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ¹⁸ Quocirca v. v ite fortes!

Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost?
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after '2 Standing Armies came.
 My lands are sold, my Father's house is gone; 160
 I'll hire another's, is not that my own,
 And yours my friends? thro' whose free-opening gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 165
 " Pray heav'n it last! (cries Swift,) as you go on;
 " I wish to God this house had been your own!
 " Pity! to build, without a son or wife:
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."—
 Well, if the Use be mine, can it concern one 170
 Whether the Name belong to Pope or Vernon?
 What's '3 *Property*? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to '4 Peter Walter,
 Or, in a mortgage, prove the Lawyer's share,
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the Heir, 175
 Or

Or in pure ' ' Equity (the Case not clear)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
 At best, it falls to some ' ' ungracious Son
 That cries, my father's damn'd, and all's my own.
 ' ' Shades, that to Ba * * n could retreat afford, 180
 Are now the portion of a booby Lord;
 And Hemsløy once proud * Buckingham's delight,
 Slides to a Scriv'ner or a City Knight.
 ' ' Let Lands and Houses have what Lords they will,
 Let Us be fix'd, and our own Masters still.

* Villers, Duke of Buckingham.



